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**THE DANISH SEA-KING**  
OR  
**Our Bark is on the Water's Deep.**  
**A GLEE,**  
*as sung by the Pierian Vocalists.*  
**TUCKER, GIBSON, GRACIN, WHITE.**  
*Music Composed & Arranged for the*  
**Piano Forte**  
*and respectfully dedicated to*  
**WILLIAM L. CARSHAW**  
*of Brooklyn N.Y.*  
by  
**JOSEPH W. TURNER.**

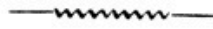
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# THE DANISH SEA-KING.



**Allegretto** *mf* **Moderato.** **J. W. Turner.**

**1st. Ten.** *f* Our bark is on the wa-ters deep, our bright blade's in our hand, Our

**2d. Ten.** *f* Our bark is on the wa-ters deep, our bright blade's in our hand, Our

**1st. Base.** *f* Our bark is on the wa-ters deep, our bright blade's in our hand, Our

**2d. Base.** *f* Our bark is on the wa-ters deep, our bright blade's in our hand, Our

**Pia-no** *f*

**For-te.**

N.B. Sing small notes with second and third verses.

birthright is the o - cean vast - we scorn the gird - led land;

birthright is the o - cean vast - we scorn the gird - led land;

birthright is the o - cean vast - we scorn the gird - led land; And the

Base Solo. Tenor Solo.

Than the

hol-low wind is our mu - sic brave, and none can bold - er be

Pomposo.

Pomposo. *ff*



*Dolce.* Our  
hoarse tongued tempest rav-ing o'er a proud and swell-ing sea! Our  
Our

*P. Dolce.*

*f Staccato.* *p Cres.* Our  
bark is on the wa-ters deep, our bright blade's in our hand, Our  
*f* *p* Our  
bark is on the wa-ters deep, our bright blade's in our hand, Our  
*f* *p* Our  
bark is on the wa-ters deep, our bright blade's in our hand, Our

*f* *p*

5

birthright is the o - cean vast - we scorn the gird - led land; land.

birthright is the o - cean vast - we scorn the gird - led land; land.

birthright is the o - cean vast - we scorn the gird - led land; land.

1 D.C. al seg. 2

2<sup>d</sup> time. *ff.*

2.

Our bark is dancing on the waves, its tall masts quivering bend  
 Before the gale, which hails us now with the hallo of a friend;  
 And its prow is sheering merrily the upcurled billow's foam,  
 While our hearts, with throbbing gladness cheer old Ocean as our home!  
 Our bark &c.

3.

Hurrah! hurrah! the wind is up—it bloweth fresh and free,  
 And every cord, instinct with life, pipes loud its fearless glee;  
 Big swell the bosom'd sails with joy, and they madly kiss the spray,  
 As proudly through the foaming surge the Sea-King bears away!  
 Our bark &c.